"THE MASTER OF THE MILL," A GREAT LABOR TROUBLE STORY, NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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CHARLES DONALDSON, HERO;

Or, How the St. John Came Home.

By W. VICTOR COOK.

The skipper and the two mates of the brig St. John lowered their sextants from their eyes.

"That will do," said the skipper. "It's a beautiful horizon." He turned to the man in the wheelhouse beside him on the poop, and said: "Ring eight bells."

The four double notes clanged sharply on the air of noon. The afternoon watch came running from the fo'c'sle at the signal, and another sailor approached to take the wheel. The skipper took a final peep in the magnifier of his sextant.

"Southeast by east, half south, sir," said the man at the wheel as he relinquished knife thrust between the shoulders stretched the plucky second mate bleeding on the deck beside his skipper.

For a moment the mutineers stood and looked each at the other, as though surprised and half-scared at their own deed.

"Who stabbed him?" asked the man with the revolver, nodding in the direction of the second mate.

A brawny fellow with a sullen, lowering face and a heavy jaw answered: "I did, Jim Blacker. He rope's-ended me yesterday. He'll rope's-end nobody again, I reckon."

"Guess that's so," said Blacker. "He twenty, with a strong square face and brown eyes, hesitated at the top of the stairway at the unusual spectacle of more than half the crew assembled on the poop.

"Hullo, Charlie?" cried one to him.

"I came up to see what all the row was about," remarked the steward. "Anything the matter, carpenter?"

"Come up here, Charlie," they invited him.

The young man advanced, still hesitating a little, till his glance fell on the dead men and the bloodstains on the deck. His jaw dropped, and he stepped back.

"Don't go away, Charlie. Come on. We ain't goin' to eat you."

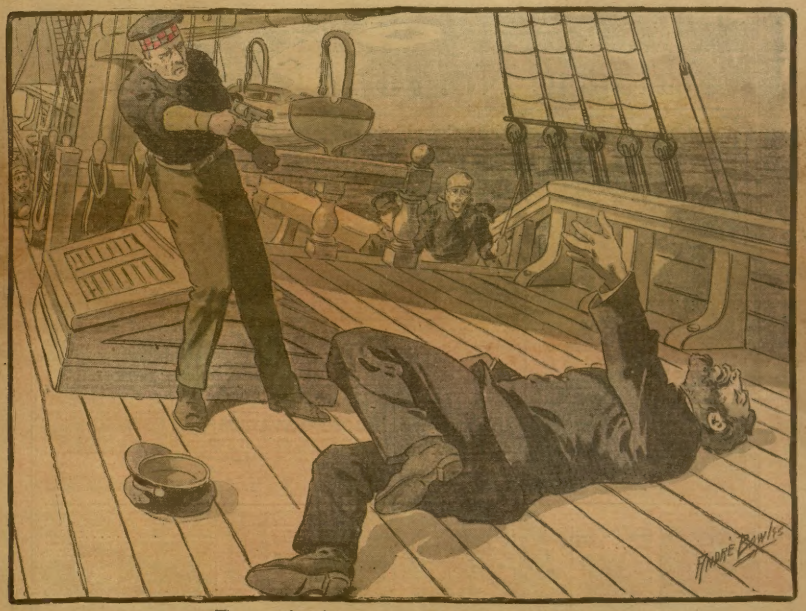
"Ay, ay, all together," they answered.

"Seein' that the second mate is dead, too, through an accident," pursued Jim Blacker, "you must take the ship where we want her to go, Charlie. You understand navigation; we don't—at least, not enough to lay a straight course."

"And if I don't?" queried the steward.

"Then this." Blacker pointed with his left hand to the revolver still held in his right.

The steward stood a while silent, watching the group of desperate men. More than one, he noticed, had possessed themselves of pistols—apparently stolen from the officers'



The man whipped out a revolver and shot the captain dead.

his charge to the relief, and the skipper, in the usual way, answered, "All right."

The next moment the man whipped out a revolver, and without another word shot the captain dead. As if at a signal, the new helmsman left the ship to fall away before the light breeze and flung himself on the mate, striking him to the deck before he had time to move hand or foot. The second mate sprang to the wheelhouse, and set his back against it as three of the new watch rushed to attack him.

"It's no good, sir," cried he who had shot the captain. "You'd best give in. We're all together in this job. Put up your hands and you shall be safe."

"Never!" cried the second mate, and sprang at the fellow. But there were half a dozen to one, and that one unarmed; and by the time he had landed a couple of knockdown blows among his adversaries a shouldn't have been a fool and cut up rough. As for them other two——" He kicked the dead body of the captain and broke into a torrent of abuse. "But, seein' they are all dead, the question is, Who is goin' to navigate the ship? That's why I didn't want him to show fight, and that's why it's a pity you took your knife to him, Dandy."

"There's the steward," another of the mutineers said. "He's got a second mate's ticket. He told me so himself."

"Talk o' the devil," said the leader. "Here he comes. I'll tackle him."

All eyes turned to the after companion, from which emerged a young man in a peaked cap. The mutineers, who by now numbered about a dozen, grouped themselves as by mutual consent in front of the three dead officers, screening them for the moment from view.

The steward, a man of perhaps five-and-

"What does it all mean, Jim Blacker?" said the steward.

"It means that sailor men ain't dogs to be kicked and bullied out of their lives by a drunken skipper, and rope's-ended by a half-bred monkey of a mate; and that they ain't to be starved out of their victuals to pay for the skipper's drinks, and clapped in irons when they ask for justice. It means that men is men, and not blowmin' pack horses, and that there's some things flesh and blood won't stand. That's what it means, Charlie."

"It means mutiny and murder on the high seas, and hanging for every mother's son of you at the first port," said the steward, boldly enough, though his heart sank within him at the black looks of the crew and the bloody streaks on the white deck.

"Mutiny if you like. As for hangin', that's our affair. We're all together—eh, mates?"

cabins. "And what about Miss Fauley?" he asked at length, slowly.

The men looked at one another doubtfully, as if this was a question they had not fully considered.

"I reckon," said the sullen fellow who had been called Dandy, "we shall put her afront in a boat where she'll be picked up somewhere when we get in the track of ships."

"It won't do," said the steward decisively. "The old man shouldn't have brought her. We can't risk losin' all our bloomin' lives for a slip of a girl," said Blacker.

"I tell you it won't do," repeated the steward, ramming his hands in his pockets in a dogged sort of way. "And I'll tell you something else, too. There's twenty of you to one, if you like. But the first man on this ship that lays hands on the captain's

daughter gets his brains knocked out by me. He'll die, anyway.

"Then you will shoot me, I suppose; but as there's not a lubber of you all can work the ship, you will bungle her here and there till one of three good things happens: a gale will send you all to Davy Jones, or the tanks will give out and you will all go mad, or you'll make land—if you have so much luck—where you won't know your bearings and you'll all be safely hanged.

"You've got my life to play with, but when you take it you take your own. And you'll have to take it if you touch the skipper's daughter."

The mutineers glanced uneasily at each other. He could read in the eyes of several the wish to send him along with the captain and the mates; but with the majority the truth of his words had gone home.

"We must protect ourselves," said Dandy sullenly.

"Look ye, Charles," said Jim Blacker, "take us as far as the Dock; and when we get into the Mediterranean we will set you and the girl and a few of the Dagos aboard who ain't in the swim in a boat near the land, somewhere where there ain't any telegraphs, and you can take your book, and we can take ours. That's fair."

"And how am I to know you'll keep to it?"

"I reckon you will have to trust our sense of honor, Charles," said Dandy, with a grin. "If you don't think you can trust us, why, we shall drop you and the lady overside right away, and shift as we can."

"I know that—curse you!" said the steward. "But I've got my skin to save, the same as you fellows. Needs must when the devil drives. Man the wheel then, one of you!"

"Stop a minute, Charlie," said Blacker, coming up close to him and glowering grimly. "No tricks, you understand. Play crooked, and you're a dead man."

The steward shrugged his shoulders. "I know what I'm doing and when I'm doing it for. You needn't preach," he said. "Keep her away as before," he told the man who had gone to the wheel. "Now, then, there's a blow coming. Get away aloft, some of you, and take in the royals, and for Heaven's sake put those overboard before the girl comes on deck!" He pointed to the three bodies. "I'll go and keep her below," he added, "till it's done."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Blacker, in tones half mocking, half born of the habit of discipline. Thus Charles Donaldson took over the brig Saint John.

He descended the companion to the captain's cabin. At the table sat a fair-haired girl of some eighteen summers, busily writing letters. She looked up as he entered.

"Whatever was all that noise on deck a while since?" she asked. "I thought some body was shooting."

"Yes, somebody was shooting, Miss Daisy."

"I wish they wouldn't shoot the good gulls," said the girl. "It does seem so cruel —especially as they're no good to anybody when they're shot."

She stopped suddenly, arrested by something in the steward's face.

"They were shooting gulls, Miss Daisy," he said.

The girl stood up and turned pale. "What do you mean, Charles? Something has happened."

"Yes, something has happened."

"What is the matter? My father—something has happened to my father! Let me go up!"

She made to go up the companion; but at the door the steward laid his hand on her arm—a firm grasp if held her fast.

"You must not go up—indeed, Miss Daisy, you must not go up just now! O, my dear, I am so sorry for you!"

"I will go up, Charlie—steward! Let go my arm! Let me go up to the captain!"

But Charlie kept his hold. "Listen to me, Miss Daisy, a moment. He has happened —it is dreadful for me to have to tell you. They have killed the captain and the officers, and flung them overboard."

She did not swoon, as he had half expected her to, but leaned back against the cabin panels and stared at him wide-eyed, her face ghastly. He set her tenderly in one of the revolving chairs round the cabin table, and poured her out some spirit, which she drank mechanically, while he stood watching her.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and flashed upon him a look of terror and suspicion.

"You—how is it you are here? Why did you not prevent them? Why are you here?"

"I went up to see what the noise was about. Your father and the mates were dead upon the deck," he answered simply. "Miss Daisy, they would have killed me, too. You and I together have a fight upon our hands—save our lives and bring these villains to justice. I am with you to the death." He held out his hand. She took it, and burst into passionate weeping.

"Cry," he said; "it will do you good, Daisy. To save your life and mine, I have taken the ship in charge to bring her to safety. You know I served my time and have a certificate. These fellows will watch us every hour of the day; but we must put off their suspicions; and it will go hard"—his words came through his set teeth—"if I will not be an honest man cannot get over a pack of mutinous cut-throats like you."

Under her new commander, the brig Saint John sailed on day after day over the wide waste of the western ocean. Now on the starboard tack, now on the port, she made her way to the Mediterranean.

Frequently she would have to heave-to in some close-reefed gale, and once for two whole days she reeled through a hurricane under bare poles.

The mutineers cursed at their ill luck, and, superstitious like all sailors, grew uneasy at the failure of the usual favorable winds from the southwestward. But all the while Charles Donaldson made no open complaint.

The cargo was a good and a safe one—four hundred tons of Nova Scotia grain—and the brig was taut and strong, and though the hurricane seas ran at her like charging mountains of green water, she rode them like a very seabird.

"The weather fights for us," he said grimly to the captain's daughter as they sat at table together in the cabin. For he had made it a condition of his bringing the ship to safety that the men should respect the sanctity of the cabin; and they, though they flung foul gibes that made his blood boil, had perforce given way.

One day Jimmy came upon him as he was busily engaged in the medicine cupboard.

"Two of my gentlemen are sick," he said in reply to her questions. "A dose of castor oil will be good for them."

"But you don't put phosphorus paint in castor oil!" cried the girl. "Charlie, what are you doing?"

"Oh, the phosphorus! That is a little experiment I am trying. Do you know where we are?"

"I overheard the bo'n say he thought we must be nearing Cape St. Vincent."

"I am glad he thinks so. That is what I want him to think, Daisy." He turned and took both her hands and looked down at her. "The time is coming, dear, for both of us to be brave. We are in the Spanish Main. You saw the light last night through the glass."

"The one you said was the Lisbon boat for the Brazils?"

"Yes; I said that for the benefit of Jim Blacker & Co. That was the Ushant light. We are tacking slowly up channel, keeping as far as I can from the course of the regular liners."

"Charlie, if they find out!"

"You must be brave, dear little girl. I do think they don't, and now I want you to help me."

"I will do anything."

"Here are a lot of empty bottles. I have thrown over several during the past week. Here is a paper with what is written out. I want you to smear each of the bottles over lightly with the paint, just like it a copy of that paper and cork it tightly. During the next two days, at intervals, open the port of your berth and quietly drop the

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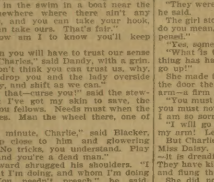

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bottles into the water. It is our only chance."

"You may rely on me, Charlie," said the girl.

He bent and kissed her, and she made no resistance. "My brave little Daisy!" he said tenderly.

She shut herself in her berth and began to copy the writing on slips of paper. It read thus:

"Crew of brig Saint John, Halifax, N. S., to Liverpool, mutinied May 3, in mid-Atlantic, killing captain and officers. Captain's daughter still on board. I have navigated ship to the channel, and, weather permitting, will be in lat. 51 N. lon. 5 W. at midnight on June 3. Shall be on the lookout for help. If rescuers on sighting will fire a distress rocket, will reply with blue light. Will flinder of this signal same first opportunity."

"CHARLES DONALDSON, Steward."

The night of June 2 fell warm and clear, a true midsummer's night, with soft starlight twinkling down upon a phosphorescent sea. With all sail set, the Saint John glided almost imperceptibly along, the outlines of her spreading canvas showing ghostlike against the twinkling sky.

On the poop two men were smoking—Charlie Donaldson and Dandy, the mineer that men keep at sea intensified between them by mutual suspicion.

Midnight drew on. Anxiously, yet secretly, the steward scanned the dark face of the waters, but though once and again a light shimmered in the farthest distance, he could catch no glimpse of what he sought.

Half an hour before midnight an eastward-bound liner passed them close at hand, flashing all over with electric lights like a floating palace.

"Where's she bound? She's an English ship by the look of her," growled Dandy. "What's she doin' here? There ain't no liners runnin' this far south."

"Expect she's got an American pleasure party for the Mediterranean," said Charlie, casually. "Well, she'll make St. Vincent before us, anyway."

The liner's lights dimmed and vanished ahead. Midnight passed and eight bells rang. Jim Blacker came to relieve the sailor Dandy, who started to leave the poop.

"Ain't you goin' to turn in?" he growled, seeing the steward make no motion to go below.

"Not yet a while. If I'm not out we should sight land lights before long."

Almost as he spoke the words, suddenly from a point far away, where no light had been visible, a trail of fire leaped up into the sky and hard on the flash came a deep, dull boom.

The three men started. Even he who had been steering was aroused from the sudden dullness and rareness of the sign. The steward spoke quickly to the man at the wheel.

"Hard apoop! There's a craft in distress."

The brig swung round till the breeze that had been abeam came almost astern.

"What's that?" cried Blacker with an oath. "What are you doin', you fool? Do you think there's anything in that, that we can go and pick up every beggar that has got himself into trouble? I'm a calm man, let him get his boats out or stand and drown."

"Man, you wouldn't let them drown before your eyes!" protested Charlie.

"Would I? We'll see," answered the fellow, with a chuckle.

"You're there, sonny," he ordered the helmsman.

"Are you going to stand by and let a shipful of fellow creatures go down?" The steward turned from one to another of the mutineers.

"Oh, shut up! This ain't a Sunday school. You can go below, skipper, if your bloomin' feelings is too much for you. Who says that bloomin' ship isn't full of bluejackets? Where do we come in?" Blacker meaningly made the sign of a noose about his neck.

Without another word the steward went below, but not to sleep. In the cabin Daisy was waiting for him.

"Oh, Charlie, are we to be saved?"

"You heard the signal, dearest. They must have kept their hands on deck, or maybe they are close up. In half an hour we shall know our fate."

"Have you fired the train?"

"Yes. See!" He drew her to the foot of the companion. They waited a few moments and suddenly a sickly purple gleam from the deck lit up the opening at the head of the stairs. An outcry arose above them on the poop.

"Quick, now," he said, and, pulling her back, pushed to the door and slid the bolt in its socket. "Go in there," he said "and fasten the door. Here, take this; and if any of them should shoot without a moment's hesitation." He gave her his revolver. "If they come down will shoot them here. But perhaps they won't come down."

"Charlie, I won't leave you!" she cried.

"Oh, my dearest! But you must do as I say. Now, then, kiss me and go in."

"Hark! What was that?" exclaimed the girl.

"A gun, Daisy, a gun! Hurrah! 'Tis a warship telling us to heave-to. The scoundrels will be caught like rats in a trap."

There was a scurrying of feet upon the deck, followed by a cloud of curses. Suddenly the cabin was flooded with a brilliant light, that showed the shine of the lamps.

"There comes her searchlight!" cried Charlie.

A few minutes passed, and by the changed motion of the ship they knew she was hove-to. "Daisy, quick! Bring me the revolver!" By this time came a knocking at the cabin door.

"Stand off, you!" shouted the bold steward. "I've got six men's lives in my hand."

"Well, so have I, for that matter," called a cheery voice from the other side. "Are you a dozen good fellows with me, with the same number in each hand? So you'd better open before I damage the furniture."

The steward caught the companion in his arms and kissed her. "It's all over in half a minute," he said, and with a ready "Ay, ay, sir," he opened the door.

"Where's Charles Donaldson?" said an officer, with a gold epaulet.

"Here, sir," said Daisy. The officer raised his eyebrows, pursed his lips, and whistled softly.

"You needn't have locked the door," he said. "I'm not going to shoot you unless you make me. Come, you two, and bring them out presently. Mr. Donaldson, and you, young lady, allow me to congratulate you," and with a courtly bow he stepped on deck, where shook hands with both, and led his men forward.

A week after that the papers were full of the astounding mutiny of the brig Saint John. Later on, when the mutiny trial was over and the captain's orphan daughter, who was also the heroic brig's cook-steward, one of the wedding presents was a little model of the ship in silver, which the owners had wrapped up this their gift in a check for $1,000, with a note declaring the name "To Mr. Charles Donaldson, in recognition of his pluck and resource in bringing home the brig Saint John."

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QUEEN OF THE LOVE-RED ROSE,

MIGNON'S TRAGIC CAREER.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER XIX.

"My love, forgive me, for I knew not what I did."

The charming actress who took Chicago captive left a few days thereafter, and John T. Digby followed for a week or two, and then returned, sadly out of sorts with himself and the world in general. In this humor he managed to send the stock of his trust housing at Hanging Rock to Thompson ernoon. From his windows no glimpse of the lake was visible, but the fresh breeze did not proceed as rapidly as he would have liked. At last he threw his pencil aside, and, closing his desk, put on his great fur lined overcoat and hat and plunged out into the storm.

Idly he turned toward the lake and walked up and down Michigan avenue. He realized that he was thirty-one, still a young man, with long years before him, but he was tired of bachelorhood. Among the women he knew as best man, he thought to himself that it was a strange turn of Fate's that he who loved children and revered women, whose life had been spent in the service of love, was never to be one of the principals in such a scene. Then as he looked at the handsome face of the bride, with its cruel expression about the mouth, and the bridegroom, growing more animal-like each day, he felt that his lot in life was not the worst after all.

He had been greatly cheered by a letter from Mignon, in which she had briefly told him of her interview with her husband, but gave no particular details except to state that while she did not believe in divorce she would never go back to him.

With her decision to do this news to Tom Groton and the faithful Jacob, and upon this news Jacob ventured to marry a sweet, gentle little farmer girl and looked forward to a contented, prosperous life.

Digby's wandering eyes took childhood and set its mark on poor Tom, and Gordon, seeing how this climate was affecting him, urged him to spend winter in the land of California and sent Tom to take care of it, and his mother to keep house.

Matters had settled down into customary ruts. Gordon was writing a new book, the appearance of which he resolved to devote to helping the desolate of this world, and was engaged in the preliminary work of collecting

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"Bring my coat," he said. "No. I do not think he can be moved, doctor. He is dying here," and as the warm wrap was brought up, Gordon laid it tenderly over the prostrate form. Several passers-by gazed down and saw the great flood of blood spouting from a ghastly wound in the abdomen, and the cruel steel bar which had passed through his breast and pinned him to the ground. As carefully as though he had years before him instead of seconds, however, they raised the head down his throat, and at last the sunken eyes opened. Then it was that Gordon recognized the face. It was Jerome Chatterton.

They dared not dislodge the steel bar, for it would only cause instant death and frightful pain. The pale lips moved, and the eyes turned toward Gordon.

Tenderly he bent over the man almost over the threshold of this life, and heard the faint words:

"Mignon, forgive, my Queen of the Love-Red Rose," then the pulse ceased to beat, and as he died Gordon Wainwright learned the name of the man who had wronged Mignon McKinzie.

CHAPTER XX.

"The sweetest word in all this world, dearer than all else love itself, is 'Wife.'"

The beautiful, dancing lake was sending up her spray against the breakwater, or rolling its waves to the sand in playful playfulness one day late in May the following year. At the Auditorium Annex was a charming lady and her two friends, a maid and a woman, whom she will never allow to pass out of her life. The theatrical world no longer knows beautiful Hazel Tremont, and few connect the quiet, dignified lady who lives at home Mrs. Chatterton, in token that she has forgiven, with the actress who promised to surpass all who had gone before her. Mrs. Chatterton and her two friends who had befriended her in her trouble have just arrived, but as they are sitting and watching the lake a card is brought to her, at which the old maid and his wife smilingly leave the room, and the lady turning eagerly toward the door, is caught in the arms of Gordon Wainwright. Not the Gordon we have known, grave, sympathetic and kind-hearted, but Gordon who has not had a dozen years behind him and face glowing with love and happiness; Gordon who feels he is the happiest man on earth.

Those six months had been long ones, but they had felt that although the world held nothing; although she could not give anything but pity and the forgiveness he had implored with dying words, it was more delicate, in consideration of his awful end, to wait a few months before meeting. Now that they were together, they both wondered how they had ever been strong enough to sacrifice any more time when so many years had been lost.

Part of Gordon's time had been employed in settling up her affairs. She had some magnificent jewels of her own, and in addition to that she communicated with the relatives of the first wife of her dead husband. She gave them her papers, and instructed them to take legal means to secure all of the forfeited property. Nothing left, for she felt she could not touch a single penny of the money. One may forgive, but certain things can never be forgotten, and the young widow did not wish to assume a grief she did not feel.

During the years she had believed herself resting under the shadow of death she had always worn black off the stage, but as soon as Gordon told her that one of his garments her artistic spirit loved, and when she was made a widow she did not change the dress. Then it was that Gordon greeted her lover in a soft, clinging dress of pale green, with only her pure beautiful face rose like a flower, and in her happiness a greater beauty than ever. One may grow blooming as she had nearly nine years ago, and yet this was not strange, for she was now in spite of all her trials, but twenty-five, a woman in her prime, and gloriously lovely.

After he had pressed his lips to hers for the first time since the parting in the dark shadow of the hedge before entering the picnic ground, where truly enough a foreign influence was to enter into their lives, he held her off and said with all the old-time ring in his voice:

"Well, my lady, are you satisfied now, after keeping me waiting all these months?"

"We could spare that much, dear," she whispered with the rising inflection.

"Well, we did, anyway," half laughing. "But I promise you I will not wait much longer."

With a blush Mignon said softly:

"You will not have to wait very long."

"Thanks, my dear, but what if I say I

[Continued on Page Seven.]

HEARTS OF BLACK;

Or, Thorns in the Life of Aaron Burr - By Ida Shepler.

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CHAPTER X.

DE CAMPASUEL GETS HIS EYES OPENED.

In 1802, under the direction of Jefferson and Congress, the greater part of this land upon which De Campasuel had set his mind passed to the United States. Madeline's rage and storming over the matter amused her husband. So little love had she shown him in all these years in which she had worked bravely at his side, that he could scarcely comprehend why she should thus, almost viciously, crave a great name for him. Her own personality, ease and pleasure seemed all blended and lost in this device. When her rage had subsided, she said coldly and with blame:

"You could have given France twice that amount in clean bullion for this land we know the possibilities of better than those who now own it. Your gold will now lie hating, a menace to your life, to be found and carted away later by brigands, thieves, who are even now searching for it. You are simply a groveling miser. I wash my hands of you henceforth."

Madeline," he feebly replied, "are you a fool? Do you suppose that France would have made any treaties with private individuals? That is a woman's reasoning. There is yet all that wide Mexican land that stretches far to the west and south left."

That land is no more yours, and never will be, than this land that Jefferson has gulf. A wise man could have bought from France, because it was weary in war. Do you think France would have sold the land to a hated rival—a rival that refused to help it in its time of need, could it have found another purchaser? No. It would have gladly sold to one who would prove a thorn in the flesh of that selfish, bigoted rival. I know this, if you do not. I know from a good source that this purchase is not warranted by the Constitution, and that Jefferson is running a high hand in the business. France will never get her money, and I think she feels so. But why talk to you who merely play at trying to be a leader of men?"

Despite her threat of washing her hands of her obtuse husband, Madeline could not carry it into effect. Intriguing, always had become a part of her nature, and time would pass uneasily were she not constantly about the old work which now carried something good in it, as she was eagerly engaged now altogether in plans for colonizing that vast land and bringing new blood into it. In this De Campasuel could use her lead, but of late his power for all such work was on the decline. He was growing old, sluggish and heavy of brain and body. Of late he had become fearful of detection. Defeat of his plans, treachery of his former lovers, had made him nervous and suspicious. There were such traitors at work against him, he realized, but whom he could not lay his hand upon. He was no more reckless and groping in the dark, and yet had not the faintest idea that his wife had thwarted, these plans, because she knew they were small and futile, and the time never ripe for carrying them into execution, and they been of greater force, had entered his mind.

In the early summer of 1804, Madeline, accompanied by De Campasuel, came to New York for the first time since her marriage. Corinne, too, came home that spring. De Campasuel complained at times how much changed in this city since his last visit to it. Politics still engaged the attention of many, but it was not in the same way as of old. Then all was open, stirring, free; now repressed yourself a little, for the men held their diverse opinions in abyssence, and cloaked their real motives from publicly under a bland silence, a suave courtesy.

While De Campasuel remained at home avoiding society, restlessly trying to pass the time in Madeline's absence, and unconscious of seeing Hamilton promoted to the nation's highest place of honor, and strongly hopeful that this must yet come to pass, and Mary, ever actively devoted to her father as of old, Madeline found herself eagerly sought by a certain set led by Madame Virginie, once Dolly Madison, a second time a wealthy widow, and who, lately back from France, kept open house not only in a hospitable way but with true Parisian style and luxury.

Richmond Hill, Burr's handsome residence, and The Grange, Hamilton's home, both held open doors of welcome for this still beautiful Madeline, now a woman of brilliant conversational powers, and one who seemed thoroughly acquainted with not only the political situations of this land, but the rulings of many another, a type of woman not uncommon in that day. Long ago Hamilton had forgiven her harsh words to him. With her sister Mary he fully believed that she had contracted an undesirable marriage simply to save her father from prison. He pitied her, and took himself secretly to task for passing judgments upon follies that must have been simply the promptings of youthful inexperience. How little Hamilton ever really knew of her true character it was never given him on earth to find out.

At Madame Virgnie's, Madeline could meet Colonel Burr without incurring the blame of gossips. Colonel Burr, with that look of power that experience, honor and life's ease brings to a man, was really more fascinating than in younger days. This Madeline realized with pangs of acute jealousy. She had never been more of more than his admiration, and much less could she be that now. Dolly Virginie, a close friend of both, feeling that their mutual interest was of political nature, shielded all of the personal interviews in her home from intrusion.

One night Corinne came into the room where De Campasuel and Burr were. "Thinking of what?" Corinne wondered. Drawing near him, she softly began, "I suppose Madeline will never grow too old not to delight in bal masque."

The man started. The voice was so like the voice of his wife that he had thought it here when she began. "I did not bother to ask her where she was going. She cared naught for such gilderoy at home. It is this New York that ruins people, making them of no account save for pleasure," was his answer, and he continued, "But you care naught for such—no more than I."

"Yet I do," she said, "and want you to look in on it, and look secretly. Come with me. I have planned for you to be my escort. I have hired a costume for you, and prepared one for myself. I have a good reason for asking you to do me this favoring. Later you will know, but ask no questions now."

Some further persuasion, and De Campasuel went away to his room. Corinne's voice had laid out for him in his room. She had learned to read the cipher which Madeline had left for her. Only a half hour she had found a note on Madeline's dressing-table explaining that Colonel Burr's ball had chosen for the night.

It was late when Corinne and her escort entered the ballroom of the Virgne mansion. Glancing keenly through all the moving throngs, Corinne could not find the costume represented in the note. Guiding her companion to a dark retreat, she whispered:

"Sit down here and wait until I come back for you. Speak to no one. I do not want any one in this house to even faintly know that you are here."

With these words she left him, coming back presently to lead him out of a dancing avenue of foliage stood a small summer house. Madeline and Burr had gone for a private interview. The small room, with a faint candle glow, and lights, that were dim, but yet not dim enough to prevent deeper, were placed here and there about the grounds for the comfort of the summer house. Dolly Virgne had seen these lovers leave the ballroom, and at that moment the tall, graceful form of the Indian beauty escort had entered it from another way. De Campasuel recognized as an Indian chief, and Corinne as a Cherokee maiden, passed through the dancing, creating small notice from any one besides Dolly as Indian costume seemed a favored one in that season. Corinne knew how to disguise her walk, but one little gesture of her hand, which was habitual with Madeline, she had forgotten. Instantly a suspicion flashed through her because she knew this woman. That gesture could only belong, if not to Madeline, whom this person could not be, to Madeline's counterpart, the twin sister. Closely Dolly studied the form at Corinne's side, and rightly arrived at the conclusion that it was Madeline's husband, and there with the sister in the capacity of spies.

Hastily she sped away to where two enormous palms stood, screening the small room she care, but not on her promises should there be a scene in her house. Dolly must solve the name or life of Madeline's distinguished companion. Kings and presidents had been known as visitors, and classed together in Dolly's mind as of equal rank.

"There are two paths leading to the summer house," she said very low, but firmly, as though it were a matter of secret movement—to the slaves. "Guard each path and let no one leave the house by them. You are now there please to remain. You understand?"

They did, each hurrying to take his place as directed. The Indian maiden coming up to one of the slaves, Dolly Madison passed farther. Murmuring something in broken English, she hurried away.

"The other way is barred also," she thought, with a shrug of her perfect shoulders; "but, Dolly, I have been in these grounds too often not to know them."

From a side door, by scaling a wall, one could easily reach the back of this house. No guard, she was sure, would be placed there.

Quietly she made her wishes known to her escort, and as quietly, though in a wondering way, he followed her. Well used to stealth, he followed easily where she led, and both gained a good vantage ground by a slight rift in the vines to see the inmates of the summer house without being seen or having been heard.

A small table was drawn to one side of the room. At this the man sat, looking in half-abstracted manner into the beautiful face opposite him at the same table. Madeline was dressed in something blue, white and filmy, her golden hair falling loosely over her shoulders as in girlhood days, the deep purple of her eyes shining with the love, the long-repressed adoration, she cherished for this one only person in the world. Corinne, standing very close to Madeline's husband, could feel the thrill of rage that was beginning to work from brain to body as he realized the meaning of that look, and, better yet, the words she was uttering. To this man she was telling secrets that he was sure she held sacredly with only himself. As in a dream he realized all. Madeline arose from her chair and coming around to the side of Colonel Burr, laid one hand lightly on his now half-closed head.

"You are in trouble, deep trouble—deeper than you will confide to me. Oh, my love, why did you not come when I bade you come? There were times when success would have been assured had you been with us. How long, how long, have I worked to this end? Aaron, my husband, he surveyed, how fainted by the way nearly, buoyed up by the hope that ever sweet thought that I was gaining it all for you! Let me see," her hand smoothed the dark head in caressing love, "you have been settled here for twenty-five years there has been this much time in the office of Attorney General, that of a seat in the United States Senate, and then England—merely a name—that of Vice-President."

"You forget," he said slowly, "that I resigned from the office of Vice-President to Jefferson, and that really I was the choice before the people between us been decided by the people instead of in the House of Representatives, in spite of Hamilton, in which case I should, as I now have won first place."

"I had remembered that," she answered, "and I know who foiled your ambitions to the governorship, and after that to succeed Jefferson. Hamilton is always your bitter enemy, and through him others who are in power. But I am not going to tell you what I have done. Jefferson, too, distrusts you. I have told you this before, and yet you give no heed. You bear it uncomplainingly. These people have given you all the gifts they have in their power, a growing interest in this republic to revile and banish to oblivion those who have served it, and served well, forgetting the service in petty rancors and jealousies. Come with me and we will found an empire on better principles. It will always be thus in this land where any one may rise to power. But first, Aaron, with your enemy!"

Madeline paused, coming near her, pressed the hand he now held to his lips. That instant Corinne cut the skin across his temple, followed by a stream of blood that began to fall back with sluggish. Corinne had not meant to poison Colonel Burr, though De Campasuel unarmed. Her hand had struck the jugular vein of the temple and not the artery.

"Would you kill the Vice-President of the United States?" she said in tense tone. "Come away!" she added, turning to Burr, a gentlemen, limb from limb were you to do this thing."

Flinging her roughly out of his way, as he had struck with a panther's sharp snap of rage he drew a knife from under the folds of his blanket, a knife he never went without, which came into use indeed he made his way into the summer house.

Madeline, startled by the change herself, with a loud scream for help, upon the breast of her lover upon whom De Campasuel was now advancing, his face gleaming with maniacal hate. Twice that glittering knife came down, and Colonel Burr's threat to be warded off and caught by Corinne's arm. With one strong hand De Campasuel now tore her arms from about the form of the wounded man and again swiftly raised the knife to do home in the poor, suffering, and, from behind, he was seized by Dolly Madison, who, quick-witted and disarmed, then carried quietly to the police and justice.

A physician was secretly called to attend Madeline's wounds, and when she was as secretly conveyed to the Chester mansion not a hint of this attempted tragedy penetrated to the outside world.

That night Corinne, in hiding, heard her own sister, faint and weak, knock at the door of her chamber, and admitted her, seeing him open it. Black and glowering he did so. "Corinne," his voice that carried no caring purpose, "You have this night made a murderess of your own sister!" he answered. Make another such and the gallows will be your portion. Are you ready to forfeit your good, your life, for a revenge unmerited?" Upon me should fall your revenge. I merit it, and would that I do. My love does not kill. I hold secrets that Spain would be better glad to know. They are left in this city, if I die an unnatural death, and to appear not to be heard of or from in six months' time. Then will be opened and read. You understand now that it is to your interest to see that I live. Tomorrow you can go back to Mexico. I will come later. Before you go, leave me gold for Sid Longer. I want to get himself and his colony started to Texas as soon as possible."

Corinne, in her hiding place, wondered at her sister's coolness, her lack of fear, but the words had quickly subdued the ferocity in his expression and manner.

"Very well," he meekly answered, "I will leave the gold."

When Madeline had gone to her room, Corinne stepped out of her hiding place, and, snapping her fingers in the direction

Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub. These springs do nearly all the hard work when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every stroke, to the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily—as easy as a sewing machine.

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the water across the CLOTHES and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot, soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the clothes WITHOUT RUBBING AND —without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash heavy blankets through as easily and rapidly. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes, better than any other washer woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?

We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no security, no contract, no security.

You use the washer—four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR minutes as your own wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station—that's all.

But, if, from actual use, you find you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work of cleaner, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you KEEP the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your wash bill. Under no circumstances do we intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and then cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent. We are first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will PAY for itself in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have the machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz: H. F., Manager, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 341 Henry St., Binghamton, New York.

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her sister had gone, said aloud: "He is quieted now, but that ends your schemes for bringing Colonel Burr to that land. De Campanael will put a hundred of his cut-throats on his track if he ventures there, and, in spite of Madeline, will send him out of this world."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

Besides this woman, who in common with many another loved him, there were many political friends urging Colonel Burr to write a letter asking Hamilton to retract the accusations he had given credence to and politically cast abroad, as his opponents made claim, against Colonel Burr.

"I know the man well enough to tell you that he will never retract that which he has really believed and said. He has said much of you in my father's house. He received your letter, because father knows of it. Not for the world would father disclose secrets to me, but he tells much to Mary, and Mary believes in me," Madeline told them. "Father has advised him not to answer your letter, as it is very insulting."

"Then I must challenge him," replied Colonel Burr, quietly.

"He does not uphold dueling. And since his oldest son was killed in a duel three years ago, he is decided in the opinion that dueling is a crime. He will not retract. He will not meet you, and in this last case you have made your cause strong with the people, and driven Hamilton to a corner. Soon will the discovery of the sanctity of the home have vindicated his right to a hearing as to the truth of such and similar claims made against your character," she commented.

"And if he neither retracts nor refuses to meet me?" His black eyes were bent gloomily on her.

"You are a good shot, are you not?" she asked, with malicious meaning.

This conversation had occurred but a short time before that fated eleventh of July, 1804. The morning sun had flung its pink banner ahead of the hosts of dawn, warming up the night heavens that hung over the cliffs bordering the western shore of the Hudson river above the town of Weehawken. Cliffs that rose from a few feet to a hundred and fifty feet in the air, and bore the name of Weehawken Heights. The breezes warming in the sunlight now beginning to harver the river in a wavering radiance fanned the cheeks of the occupants of a small barge drifting out from the eastern shore, and swiftly rowed by a stalwart negro named Duke, whose eyes had looked upon many a scene such as the forthcoming tragedy breached the shadows of Weehawken.

One occupant of the barge gazed back at the receding eastern shore, and sighed regretfully. Then turning his near-sighted eyes upon his friend, he said:

"Judge, this old world wakes up once more to its joys and sorrows. Yesterday the sorrow came to others now sodly; today it comes to me and mine, as once before it came to them. My boy! You, too, have rowed across this fateful river to your death amidst the birds, the flowers, of beautiful Weehawken, and now your father reluctantly follows."

"Come, come, General Hamilton," whispered Judge Pendleton, "you must not allow yourself to think of these things. Remember that you come to meet an implacable enemy—one that thirsts for your life. You must not fool and belie my courage. See, your hands are trembling, your eyes jerking. You will not be in condition to meet this man who defiantly refuses to specify a proper regret regarding that which he has been told you have said of him, that you might deny the false and affirm with good reason the truth. His charges are not those of a gentleman in this matter, but those of a murderer."

"Judge, it matters not that my eye be dim and my hand nervous, for I have told you that my life is not to be trafficked on Aaron Burr or my hand lifted to do him harm. I may have come here to meet death. I like that I have, but Aaron Burr will go from this beautiful place unharmed. I have come here simply to show the world and Aaron Burr that in a general way I have nothing to retract. I know the man and know the truth of what I have really said or thought of him. I cannot be mistaken. If I die, I die showing the world that I am not afraid to die for my opinion of a man. That is all. Life is dear to me, very dear now. Do you wonder that my hand trembles? I have told you where to find all of my papers, and all that I have written regarding this. You also have my answer to Van Ness and to Colonel Burr's second. It is substantially as I before answered him. I can make no general retraction. If he will specify the accusations I will separately answer them."

As they stepped from the barge Hamilton said: "Is that not Colonel Burr and Judge Van Ness in the trees beyond, Judge, let us have this over as quickly as possible. And watch my hand that you may tell these Americans people my weapon was pointed above me, not at his heart. You will find it unerring."

As the seconds advanced to meet each other, Hamilton's eyes turned back to the river, and beyond to the spot he loved ones were yet sleeping knowing not of the black-winged angel even then approaching them at their doors and bidding them awake and come forth to drink of the bitter cup preparing. Colonel Burr, on the contrary, seemed carelessly at ease. Leaning against a tree, he nonchalantly lighted a cigar, drawing deep puffs from it as the seconds first sought to come to an amicable agreement between the dueling parties, and finding this could not be because of Burr's obstinacy in demanding not a specified retraction, but a general and unnamed one, the seconds proceeded to make immediate arrangements for the duel.

Judge Pendleton came back to his friend, saying: "You get choice of position, General, and I see plainly that you are determined to make no effort to save your life. After all, is it right for you to sacrifice your life for the newspaper acrimony of a political party embittered by partisan wrangles? Can you not see that Aaron Burr is determined to make your life the scapegoat for your party fire?"

General Hamilton shook his head, replying: "Aaron Burr leaves no chance to do other than I am doing. He will kill me, but in killing me he destroys himself, socially and politically, forever."

As the opponents took their places, facing, Hamilton saw that Colonel Burr's dark eyes calmly and surely measured the distance between, aiming and allowing them to rest upon the exact position of his heart. Over Hamilton's face spread a pallor, and his dimming eyes came a look that those who witnessed never forgot. It was the look of one who deliberately chooses death for himself in lieu of doing bodily harm that might cause hurt or death for another.

He had chosen his stand by a great rock, his pistol hanging awkwardly down at his side as though it had been a bit of harmless wood. As the word was given to fire, those watching saw the hand holding the weapon quickly thrown forward, and his eyes closed tightly against that which was coming to him. A tremor passing through the body at this moment, catching and stopping every muscle in it, sent his finger, involuntarily, down upon the trigger that would not be pressed, and the bullet that accidentally discharged entered the limb of a tree far above and to one side of his opponent. At that moment his eyes came open convulsively, he rallied to his tiptoes, the pistol dropped from his now nerveless hand, and with a shiver he toppled over upon his face, the life blood let out by Burr's unerring aim bubbling forth in his agony, and staining and slowly crushed beneath that loyal, staunch heart. Colonel Burr, seeing that his foe had

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fallen, hurried away with Judge Van Ness, while Duke came at the call of the surgeon to help carry the dying Hamilton to the barge. As they did so, his eyes opened and, seeing Pendleton putting his pistol in his pocket, he smiled: "Be careful, it is loaded." Poor, dulled ears, ringing with death thrills, that had heard the discharge of his own pistol, though so near it.

All that day the closed home was closed to callers. Madeline was preparing to leave New York, and Corinne's eyes watched her closely as they talked together. Then street were changed every few hours to announce Hamilton's condition, and when he was finally a large slate hung in front of a newspaper office, his name, with figures and lines in chalk, were plainly visible, and if Madeline noticed them she gave no sign. From the hotel floated the ominous tones, the solemn murmurs of vengeance, and out of this buzz of tongues sometimes a voice would shout shrilly:

"Hang the murderer!"

Once when alone and this cry was heard, Madeline's hands clinched as though she would wrench strangle that which had been uttered it, but despite this chance rage diction, as based on that of the fortune-telling dame, had come as predicted. "He will lose a son, a daughter who has been loved yet come to her for help to gain that crown.

Corinne could hold no longer. "The public sentiment is all going out in sympathy for the dying man, except that very few, Aaron Burr's party, the party he helped make, are ill ashamed of him," she hissed.

"What is that to me?" her sister asked, coldly.

A sharp retort was on Corinne's lips. She checked it in time. Not yet must Madeline know how much of her secret she had unearthed. Time enough for that when she had found the chance to complete the revenge sworn against that sister. She paused, then answered:

"If Alexander Hamilton dies you will be an accomplice to his murder. I heard enough of your conversation that night your husband came to read telling you and your lover to know that."

"It was you brought him to that place? I judged so at the time," and Madeline turned angrily toward her sister.

"Certainly," Corinne answered. "Had I not that right?"

At this moment Mary came into the room. Corinne had hinted to her the reason of De Campanael's departure. She had received the news with horror as well as wonder over its real meaning. Now she paused, dry-eyed, but shaking with emotion from the sore ache in her heart. Sitting down in the nearest chair, and clasping her hands rigidly in her lap, saying nothing, but listening intently to the passage of words that followed between the sisters. At last her eyes were fully opened to the faults of both; at last she dumbly realized the part she too had innocently played in this tragedy, a part that added a despairing misery to the ache. Then she said:

"Father complained of a dizziness this morning, and I have prevailed on him to remain in bed all day. So far he knows nothing of the duel. He came home from a banquet at which both Burr and Hamilton met, and met as friends, believing, rejoicing, that the quarrel between them was now settled and to be forgotten. What will be the result for him if Hamilton dies?"

All day she had, as she said, kept the sad news from him, but, feeling better, he arose the next day late, and made his way to a window facing the office opposite. Mary, close behind him, heard and threw her hands as she saw a man come out of the office, and with a few swift rubs of the words Martin Chester with the

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far sight of old age had been reading, and write across the black space, "Hamilton is dead." Quivering like mad, forgot at that words, the old man read them over and over, as Mary in low tone briefly told him all there was to tell. Then, shaking now as with a palsy, he moaned:

"I came, Lord, I came to my couch. Washington is dead. Hamilton is dead. And I, there left alone in this land for years. Yes, what is there?"

"I am left, yet, father. Don't look that way. You frighten me," Mary tried to say bravely, her throat jerking with the sobs that would stifle her words.

"I know I have you, my blessed, faithful child, to be heartbroken for as a good woman." And then he turned his face to the wall, and, covering it with his hands, he sat motionless after a half an hour's waiting for him to speak again to her Mary went to him and uncovered his face. It was white and composed. There was calm on the heart had ceased to beat. Quietly, without a moan, a protest, Martin Chosel had gone out of life.

Mary and Corinne were next room where Madeline sat dressed in traveling gown, waiting for the last train that left New York now in a few minutes for the South. Corinne had been reading the last issue of the letin and listening to the murmur of those gathered about it.

"Mary has gone with Hamilton! He could not live without him! Together they will find happiness—the peace of heart! Journey. Father is dead, and the only man besides him that I ever loved is dead," she said, in agonizing manner. "Father once said that the Chosels were a strange people. They never loved but one person, and their loves were always cast in loss and sorrow."

"Why did you not marry Hamilton if you loved him so well?" asked Madeline, scarcely yet comprehending the tidings Mary had brought into the room with her.

"I was only a very, very young girl. He never guessed that I loved him. He married the woman he loved. The woman who is not more heart-broken today than myself over his loss."

Corinne came, and, kneeling by her side, said:

"I was not born good as you were, Mary. But some day, when my oath is fulfilled, I am coming back to live with you and learn how to be good."

CHAPTER XII.

SID LONGER.

A Kentucky crossroads village of that day, comprising a dozen log cabins straggling gut with a background of cornfield, and a fenceless expanse of forest. On the ground, where the two wagon trails crossed, a blacksmith shop stood to one side, and opposite was the tavern, a long, hewed-log affair with a large tap room adjoined to it. Peppertown was having a meeting of some kind slightly larger than the usual nightly concourse of the residents and hunters round about. The tap room was filled with loungers listening, with many an interruption, to a tall giant, clad in fringed buckskin trousers, a belted waist of the same, and coonskin cap in his hand, with which he made frequent slaps on the table in front of which he stood, by way of emphasis.

"Gentlemen here allen an' neditioner laws, men," the speaker was finishing with, "what do you think of them? You know that not a man of you is goin' to put up with no sech. Kin you trust a nation that kin consent to the hangin' of Aaron Burr? He isn't a-goin' to, anyway. You men kin stay, an' you kin not, but he bound to say Indiana, but nary sech a gover'ment fur Sid.

"Think of this Kaintuck' land that we worship? A wildcat, the red Ingun, and that we, later on, wrested from the Southern Ingun, by the right of the rifle, we shed our blood for it. Then handed it over to Georgy Washington as his own if he'd do the fair thing by it and us. Has the men he left behind done this? No, we sir not free!" And the coonskin cap was dashed heavily to the table.

"We is for liberty and handed it over to a set of 'ristocrats in that there Dutch town there on the Hudson. Let's git in closter touch with Southern'ers, and git in closter touch with us, they moved the gover'ment down further on the ocean. What we want to do now is to give them better chance to hind things back in case we kin git another victuly of the rifle over the British.

"You've crawled a'ready. And you'll have to keep on crawlin', Jabez Green. Think of them infernal neditioner laws. They say the kin send any little snub-nosed officer pokin' into our business, our comin's and goin's. Do you kin him? Why, they kin hang us like we was high-sea pirates. We that fought for what must ornly be worth many slips of paper that we're citizens, or be hanged. Doesn't put up a big fight, nor do I, so help another nation in distress, no difference how they helped us. If we do we'll hang in chains for high treason. Now that's the ten commandments with a vengeance, an' I'm a-goin' to cut away from this land in time. The next laws they'll make will prohibit us from crossin' over to other state in the Union than the one you're in. For one I'm goin' to Texas. I'm pledged to five hundred acres an' a hoss an' what kin to found for us. Transportation paid; homes when we get there. Plenty of provisions. Who goes with me?" And Sid dropped his big fist upon the table and took a paper from the pocket of his hunting coat.

The moment he did so a babel of voices and shouts arose, some of which let know this here purty woman with the baby eyes is goin' to Texas, an' when she sets her up, means all right and good by us, Sid? She's takin' us to a kingy land, anyway. Guess Tom's Jefferson'll do us down a while."

"Any fightin' to do, Sid?" shouted another.

"If thar is it'll be for liberty. And, boys, if we start in there with a republic, we'll never let no 'ristocrats in, nor no sech, not 'ristocrats. Don't care how you deny it, they is 'ristocrats. It's in man, it can be dies, and they all favor monarchies," was the sententious reply.

For a moment, much chafing, much explanation, men at last crowded around the table and signed the paper and read the agreement printed upon the paper Sid flaunted. Among those was a slender young Indian, his hat pulled closely down to his ears, his attire that of a hunter.

"Hello, Indian, you sign, too?" asked Sid cheerily. "Got to take a squaw with you if you don't want to be lonesome when there. Hear me, Funny Eye?"

The Indian youth grunted some reply and wrote his name with some strange-looking marks that Sid squinted over without making out a word. When the Indian drew out some one remarked, "That Ingun called himself Shando-ah-do-do." Sid wrote it as that below the marks.

Madeline was never mistaken in her choice of leaders, although De Campanael had often been. She recognized the worth and integrity of Sid Longer, and felt his rough power over his associates. It was such men she wanted. And thus began that emigration, making it possible for Texas forty years after to enter a republic, but not under the one Madeline had builded upon. To Sid Longer, as well as herself, the time of this revolt seemed very near, but greater minds than either have made

[Continued on Page Seven.]

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Plumbers prefer the piping times of peace.

Of course President Roosevelt is not the issue, but what is?

General Kuropatkin wishes that the Japanese would quit shoving.

Japan is discovering that you cannot have omelets without breaking eggs.

Somehow the man who doesn't know right from wrong always does wrong.

Any man who attempts to serve two masters is liable to be arrested for bigamy.

The title-hunting heiress is never satisfied until she purchases a gold brick.

Dave Hill will keep his promise to retire. He did not promise to stay retired, remember.

After having discussed the President's letter fully it will also be a good plan to read it.

After that knockout blow Jack Munroe will hardly be in a position to go forth to elevate the stage.

An Irish philosopher says that only two men were created free and equal—and one of them was a woman.

Doubtless there are presidential candidates who would be pleased to settle the strike if they only knew how.

When the innocent bystander insists on "putting on an entertainment" he should first equip himself with a balloon.

Next year, summer-garden proprietors may be wise enough to have their places equipped with steam-heating apparatus.

Up to date the most powerful arguments in favor of speed restriction for automobiles have been furnished by the automobilists themselves.

When it came to maintaining an unobstructed path of retreat Kuropatkin is an earnest and effective worker for the open-door policy.

Who knows but the Filipinos might be happy if they lived in a $20 flat and were not always certain where the rent would come from?

Kuropatkin probably is as much impressed with the charms of St. Petersburg as a summer resort as Carter Harrison is with those of Lake Superior.

Montreal manufacturers with $40,000,000 capital think they have in the cradle an infant industry that is lusty enough to attract the attention of any lawmakers who want reciprocity treaties with the United States.

THE VANISHED CLEW;

Or, THE SKILL OF DETECTIVE KEENEYES.

By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

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CHAPTER IX.

Early the next morning the detective wrote several letters. Two of them were addressed to Buckhorn, Kentucky, the mountain home of Chase Hunter. One was to the feudist in person, having placed the sealed envelopes in his breast-pocket, he slipped out the front door, careful not to disturb the Widdins.

The sun had just risen and a heavy dew sparkled in many colors. The air was delicious. He paused on the front steps, surveying the landscape. The large yard was surrounded by pastures and cornfields. His eyes lingered upon the grove, formed of beautiful walnuts, which came up to the fence at the side. The trees were placed at regular intervals and were scarcely more a quarter of a mile. He followed the path to the sidewalk at the front gate, turned and glanced back at the house. The windows and doors remained closed.

He entered the grove and began to traverse its length slowly, his hands clasped behind him. He appeared to be engaged in pensive thought. In reality his eyes were examining every inch of ground with the keenest scrutiny. The trees formed long, unbroken aisles. He went up one and down another. The grass was short and thick, and when he had thus traversed two miles, that is to say eight aisles, he felt tired and alert. He found himself near the fence of the back pasture and began the ninth space between great spreading trees. There was a dip in the land, and he could see only the roof of the house. He had not walked far along the natural path when he stopped. He bent down, muttering, "What is the spot?"

His shoes were wet from the dew of the bluegrass which, waving wild and luxuriant, showed that it knew very little passage. Before the quantity of dew his brush formed a rude pyramid. It covered an area of perhaps one square diameter. Under this accumulation of brittle twigs and boughs, stones lay scattered in the grass. Where the brush had been lifted the grass had vanished, showing the bare earth. Keeneyes glanced about him and saw that he had not been observed. "Here I must come at night, and dig," he whispered.

He, gazed upon the brush-heap till he knew its position thoroughly. Then he went back to the house. Apparently his interest in the walnut-grove had vanished.

It was now 8 o'clock, and still there was no sign of life from upstairs. Keeneyes went to the kitchen door and rang the bell, written by the murdered man, "Retribution." He took it to the front porch, no longer trying to follow the facts. At last he was becoming hungry, and he hoped as movements would begin in the house of the lady or man. He did not at once dip into the volume, but paused to examine more the striking frontispiece. He liked the face less than ever. The drooping eyelids seemed to veil a cruel nature. The full pouting lips suggested sensuousness, while the heavy beard and hooked nose might well suit a cruel disposition. He understood that the death of Giles Windinham had not plunged his children into deep sorrow now. Mahoney had hinted that he had not been a loving father. Trapp Finley had seen him better dead. Perhaps he was! For the sake of such a man, was it worth the heartache and the suffering to——

He stared thoughtfully at the distant grove. But, after all, he had nothing to do professionally; he must do his duty or prove an dishonorable as a professional detective. The

In the present instance that eye, which was of a yellow hue, luminous and penetrating, seemed to cast a depressing influence upon all—always excepting Henrietta Windishem.

Delia was under its influence, apparently. The child had a timid, shrinking manner which might be the result of living constantly under its yellow rays. She had the drooping eyelids of her father, and her eyes naturally sought the ground, as if she were too shy, or too conscious of unworthiness to look man in the face.

"Here he is, Miss Pinna!" Henrietta repeated. "I suppose there is no need of an introduction?"

"Oh, this be Harry Sloan?" said Miss Pinna, in a cool, composed voice.

Keeneyes gave a shock of unpleasant surprise. He felt that an explanation of the truth, though disagreeable, would have been much better for him so far as Henrietta's friendship was concerned. Gregory, however, felt differently. He believed Miss Pinna really deceived, and cried out nervously, "Yes, yes, my old college chum, Harry Sloan, of Toronto! Henrietta tells me you know him."

Miss Pinna extended her hand, no cordially, because she was incapable of cordiality, but coquettishly. "Harry, I am charmed," she said.

Keeneyes shivered the hard, sarcastic gleam in his eyes which had puzzled Gregory. "Betsy!" he cried, "how long it has been since we met!" He shook the slim hand at the fashionable angle. "Do you find me much changed?"

"Yes," said Miss Pinna, regarding him critically, "you are more sunburned, and but the same Harry, I find. What a treat to have you with us! How we shall enjoy talking over old times!"

"Yes, indeed," said Keeneyes, "about our skating parties. I suppose you can't you still skate as well as ever?"

"Ahhh!" said Miss Pinna, "it has been long since I saw dear old Canada."

"And that cake you sent me during my first course," said Keeneyes, "what a large cake it was! How the boys envied me! Does the recipe for that cake?"

"Do I recollect it?" cried Gregory, repeatedly. "Do I recollect it? Oh, my black mammy? Of course I recollect that cake! Dear me—how it all comes back!"

"Does it?" said Miss Pinna, of Keeneyes. "Those old days—that cake—the boys! I see it not."

"If you have breakfasted," said Miss Pinna, "will us sit assemble in the drawing-room, and have a good talk."

"But I haven't," said Keeneyes. "I'm very sorry."

"Oh, breakfast!" cried Henrietta, scornfully. "Who cares about it when such old friends meet again?"

"I do," said Keeneyes.

Henrietta laughed at him teasingly. "I'll run this minute and see if the gasoline was left sufficient," she said. "say, didn't you make Mr. Harry some coffee?"

"Really," said Gregory, "I never once thought of it. Can't you cook, Mr. Harry? You see, each of us gets his own things ready, as a rule. He's a good cook, housekeeping, I'm afraid, but we find it suits our different tastes."

"Never mind," said Henrietta, "I'll get his breakfast ready. And, Gregory, you must scold Grape Finley for not attending to our garden better."

"Our garden!" echoed Gregory, "What has Grape Finley to do—"

"He had nothing to do," interrupted Henrietta, quickly, "but to make our vegetables come up. Harry has been remarking on how he is our gardener and yet seems to do no gardening."

"Oh!" said Gregory. "Yes—why, that's what we keep him for! I wonder where the rascal is?"

"Doubtless," said Keeneyes, "he's up in his wing of the house, Betty, will you walk with me?"

"Thanks," said Miss Pinna. "How like old times!"

"The years have flown," said Keeneyes, softly, "since we were together, Gregory."

"Oh, listen!" cried Henrietta delightedly, as she paused on her way to the kitchen. "Think of Harry wasting!"

Gregory, who had paused to the west side of the house, shouted, "Grape! Grape!"

A window in the west wing was slowly raised.

"Come down here and go to work in the garden, Grape!" called Gregory, severely. "It is not to be made. You seem to forget you are hired to attend to it."

"What do you want to do?" growled Grape.

Hoe—spade—anything! Do some gardening. Mr. Sloan thinks you are a very poor gardener."

"Oh, he does, does he?" called Grape, huskily. "Well, I'll try to please him better before I'm much older." The window closed.

"There," said Keeneyes, "you are very fortunate to have my old playfellow for a companion. I suppose you been under Betty's care and love?"

The top was swiftly, and as swiftly dropped her eyes. She was a pretty girl, in spite of the hooked nose. She had her father's full lips to a more marked degree than Henrietta. "Three years," she answered in a low, timid voice.

They reached the front steps. As they did so, Grape came striding around the corner with his customary bend. "Miss Pinna," he said, "have you saw that there flower-pot some the night you looked for it in the cellar?"

Miss Pinna shrank a little from him. "No!" she said sharply.

"Me being gardener here," said Grape, "and possessing something with my gardening machinery, Mr. Gregory, is what grows where is that there garden."

"I had your spade, Grape," said Keeneyes, pleasantly. "I placed it yender under the old apple-tree. I thought I might want it later. I love to dig. When my health was poor, the physicians recommended it. You remember, Betty? You remember how you and I used to make caves and wells and the like?"

Gregory looked at Keeneyes attentively. "Shall we put it back there, Sloan?"

"If he pleases: I am sure I shall want to dig. I saw a delightful spot for my exercise this morning. It was in a place where no grass is growing, so I am sure I'll do no harm."

"It must be fun," said Henrietta, who had perched her plump form upon the kitchen steps. "May I help you dig a cave, Mr. Harry?"

"Henrietta," said Gregory, a little shaply, "you get the poor fellow his breakfast."

"I'll join you, Miss Keeneyes, "and in a moment I'll join you." He left the family group at the kitchen door and hurried above. Instead of going to his room, he passed swiftly but lightly to the narrow dark transverse hall leading into the west wing. He paused before the door from which he had seen Grape Finley issue the evening before. It was locked, as he had anticipated. As he had hurried hither, he had drawn a bunch of keys from his pocket. "Not a moment was to be lost in exploring these rooms, since Finley might at any moment return, or any member of the family inquire for him and discover him. Perhaps at this moment Betty Pinna was revealing his duplicity at any rate, it was not to be expected that she would long humor the deception she had tacitly consented to shield him he did not understand. but there was now no time to seek the reason. One of his keys turned the lock. The door opened. He entered quickly and closed it behind him, as he did so he drew his pistol. One swift glance assured him that he was in the room of any one apartment. It was a bedroom with the usual bedroom furniture of a bachelor not particular in his housekeeping, but in quite decent condition, and the bowl and pitcher and towel did not present a disagreeably slovenly appearance. Opposite the door leading into the hall was a window.

It was locked by a huge brass key. There was also a heavy iron bolt. Keeneyes almost ran the bolt back.

He shot back the bolt. "Who is within?" he whispered in a tone of fierce anger.

He heard a light footstep on the other side of the door. The doorknob turned. Keeneyes put his pistol to the huge key.

He whispered, "I am a friend." Then he turned the key and opened the door. Light footsteps. It was retreating from the door. It moved into the bedroom. Keeneyes followed.

Keeneyes opened the door, which was a very heavy one. He stood upon the threshold. At first he saw no one. Finally, for each window was closely shuttered on the outside. Then he discovered a small iron crossbars. The inmate of this inner room was a tall, slender, beautiful young woman.

The prisoner of the west wing was a tall man. He sat upon the floor, against the opposite side of the room, his face hidden in his folded arms. His head was bowed as from a chill. His face was hidden, but Keeneyes observed a pair of large feet, bare and barefooted, and dressed in a light dressing-gown. The young man waited, but the prisoner did not look up. Then he drew softly the quiver of the large frame.

Keeneyes stepped to his side the hand holding the pistol, and advanced into the apartment. He said gently, "what can I do for you?"

At the sound of his voice, the crouching form lifted itself with a convulsive effort with a smothered exclamation. The face of the prisoner was that of a young man of refined mien. The drooping eyelids, the hooked nose, the sensuous lips, the heavy beard, the dark, quiver of the large frame.

Keeneyes dropped his side the hand holding the pistol, and advanced into the apartment. "Sid Longer!" he

SOUNDED LIKE ONE.

"Dat kid is de limit; he t'inks dere is an auterbile comin', an' it's my new 65-cent watch."

Domestic Joys.

"Such a man as you are," snapped the angry better half of the combine, "doesn't deserve to have a wife."

"That's right, my dear," calmly replied pa. "I've often wondered what I ever did to deserve such an affliction."

Asked and Answered.

"Why don't you get your life insured, my dear?" asked Mrs. Newed.

"I'm afraid people might say I was afraid to take chances on your cooking," replied the gallant young husband.

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Effective Medicine.

The following story illustrates the estimate the German citizen places on sauerkraut as a food staple.

A German was speaking last fall about the high price of cabbage.

"I tell you dese kabbages is awful high, dis year," he said; "me und me vife puts up six, seven, eight barrels of sauerkraut every year—but we can't dis year. Dem kabbages dey cost too much."

"You put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Chris?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes—two or t'ree barrels—just to hat in de house in case of sickness."

High Finance.

Hicks—I've got to borrow two hundred dollars somewhere.

Wicks—Take my advice and borrow three hundred dollars while you are about it.

Hicks—But I only need two hundred dollars.

Wicks—That doesn't make any difference. Borrow three hundred dollars, and pay back one hundred dollars of it in two installments at intervals of a month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will think he is going to get the rest of it.

A Gentle Hint.

Mrs. Newwed—We ought to economize, Newwed—Well, you can begin by making the bread lighter.

New Use for the Auto.

Mrs. Jonson—I wish I could think of something to do. Keep my husband at home nights.

Mrs. Smithson—Give him an automobile.

Mrs. Jonson—He'd be out more than ever then.

Mrs. Smithson—No, indeed. My husband got one last week and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks.

His Rule of Business.

A fair young thing who buttonholed a Wall street magnate and asked him what was his rule of business is puzzling over his answer.

"Very simple. I pay for something that I can't get, with money I haven't got, and then sell what I never had, for more than it ever cost."

All the Essentials.

"Do you think they'll be happy now they are married?"

"Well, I don't see why not. They eat the same kind of breakfast food, take the same brand of dyspepsia tablets and wear the same make of hygienic underwear."

Surprised at Her Knowledge.

Tramp—Please, mum, I'm a financier, and—

Housekeeper—Huh! You look like it.

Tramp—You surprise me, mum. I'd hardly have suspected that a lady in this out-of-the-way place would be so familiar with Wall street as to know a man on the wrong side of the market when she sees him.

Their Fatal Mistake.

Returned Traveler—What has become of Catchem & Cheatem, the rich lawyers? Retired, I presume?

Resident—Yes, retired. They are both in the poorhouse.

"Phew! What happened?"

"They had a quarrel and sued each other."

Proud of His Marksmanship.

Magistrate—The evidence plainly shows that you threw a stone at this man.

Prisoner—An' the looks of the man shows more than that, Your Honor; it shows that I hit him.

What a Baby Can Do.

Friend—I don't understand why you and your husband should have separated so soon.

Mrs. Aftermath—It was all owing to the baby's temper.

"Mercy on us! How could that be?"

"We couldn't agree as to which one of us the baby took after."

Poor Economy.

Wife—If it is so necessary that we should economize, why don't you shave yourself instead of paying the barber to do it?

Husband—That shows all you women know about profit and loss accounts. Why, a little piece of court plaster, no bigger than the end of my chin, costs ten cents.

Hard Times.

First Crook—Times are mighty hard just now.

Second Crook—Deed they are. I sandbagged six men las' night an' only got fifteen cents out o' the hull lot.

THE LAW OF GRAVITATION OPERATES.

Slimjones—Sit down at once, auntie, or you'll upset the boat

And Auntie-

Sat down.

That Empty Feeling.

Little Flora was complaining that her stomach felt bad.

"Perhaps it's because it's empty," said her mother, "It might feel better if you had something in it."

Not long afterward the minister called. In reply to a question as to his health, he said that he was well, but that his head felt rather bad that day.

"Perhaps it's because it's empty," spoke up Flora. "It might feel better if you had something in it."

Still Others.

"Ah," said the fair widow, "you have been in some pretty tight squeezes, haven't you, Colonel?"

"Yes," answered the old warrior, putting his arm around her waist, "and I'm not the only one."

And he immediately proved the truth of his assertion.

Hopeless.

Mrs. Highup—He is a terrible drinker!

Mrs. Bonair—You don't say so! How is that?

Mrs. Highup—He pours his coffee out in his saucer.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Another Convert.

Solid Citizen—Enough, sir; I will hear no more. I have no time to waste talking with an avowed Socialist.

Reformer—But you have not heard all our plans. One of them is to have the Government erect sound-proof asylums, to which all babies shall be committed until they are old enough to go to school.

Old Citizen—Whoop! I'm with you.

Strange Oversight.

"Say," remarked the boarder with the unbarbered hair, "I am writing an ode to our landlady. I wish you would suggest a rhyme for spoons."

"Is it possible," queried the bald-headed bachelor, "that you have overlooked prunes?"

Inconsistent.

The summer girl is willing quite,
Proposals to extort;
Yet she wants no man very long—
And will not have him short.

Up to Date.

Upton—There goes Miss DeRich on her bicycle. The man in livery following on another bicycle is, of course, a servant.

Downtown—All very well, so far as it goes. But a servant can't prevent tires from puncturing or machines from breaking.

Upton—Oh, the wagon with the blacksmith shop is coming close behind.

Just Like a Woman.

Biggs—I see that a Kansas man has just married a spinster who owned 900 chickens.

Diggs—That's just like a woman; if she can't get a husband by fair means she will by fowl.

Ups and Downs.

Tom—I wonder what makes Fred so melancholy? He says he doesn't care a rap what turns up.

Jack—Oh, he proposed to Miss Gotrox last night, and she turned him down.

The Maiden's Reply.

Said he: "You're a peach. Fly with me!"
She replied, as she dashed all his hope:
"You're mistaken. A 'peach,' did you say?
Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."

FEEDER FOR THE RIVER.

O'Rafferty—Shure, Dinnis, an' yez hav quite a rivir on ther flure.
Murphy—Thot Oi have. It comes from ther lake in ther roof.

A Case of Necessity.

"My son," said the parson to a small boy who was digging, "don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday except in case of necessity?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youngster.

"Then why don't you stop it?" asked the good man.

"'Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the young philosopher; "a feller can't fish without bait."

So Convenient.

Mrs. Urban—How you must enjoy living in the country. I suppose you can get all the fresh fruit and vegetables you want.

Mrs. Annex—Oh, yes. Such a nice peddler comes out from the city three times a week.

A Superior Article.

Housekeeper—Are you sure this baking powder has the most raising power?

Dealer—Raising power? Well, madam, about ten years ago a baker in this town was so near ruin that he had only one barrel of flour left. He began using this baking powder, and today he's a rich man, and that barrel of flour isn't quite gone yet.

A Young Woman's Memory.

He—I've forgotten what was the longest day in the year.

She—I am not sure of the date, either, but I remember it was that day in June when you called both in the morning and afternoon!

A Judge of Poetry.

Teacher—Meter means measure. Thus, a gas meter measures gas. Can any one tell what the meter in poetry measures?

Johnny—Yer sir.

He Meets Requirements.

"Will young Gotrox get the nomination, do you think?"

"Surely; he is just like so much 'dough' in the hands of the politicians."

Mistress—Dinah, has your master returned?
Dinah—No, missus.
Mistress—I thought I heard him downstairs.
Dinah—Dat was de dog growlin'.

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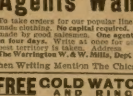

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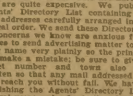

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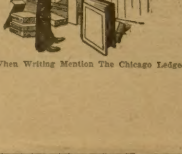

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A copy of "Pearson Muchausen" or a new edition of Jukes.
Then, having these lost all memory, with the face of an earnest confessor,
You shall be ready to greet, with a welcoming hand, the assessor.

The Belisle Family Trouble.

BY MAX ADELER.

"Mrs. Belisle," said the magistrate, as he took his seat, "what is the difficulty between you and your husband?"

"I'll tell Your Honor. One night last fall, when I reproved him, very gently, of course, for coming home from a torchlight procession drunk, and trying to get into bed with his boots on, he took laudanum to kill himself with. I called in the doctor, and the doctor got a stomach-pump and pumped him out. He said he came to, he was awful mad, and shook his fist at me and said:

"'You old hag, I'll die in spite of you!'

"That's what he said to me."

"Stay," said Darling. "I want to sleep sweetly beneath the violets, with the angels." Then Belisle—

"No, you didn't! And, Judge, that very morning he drank a whole bottle of Tarrmedicine. I bought to keep the moths out of Susie's flannel petticoats, and so I had to call in the doctor and pump him out again. He was madder than ever. Said he'd die anyhow, and his ghost would come back and haunt the house and smash all the dishes on the kitchen dresser."

"You hear compositors, Ellen. What I said was that I would return to be your guardian angel—that is what I said, and you said that I would be a healthy old guardian angel if sent in a pill, as usual. I thought at the time it was very unkind."

"And so, Judge, what does he do but go in that afternoon and gulp down all the cockroach poison in the house. I thought he was really dead this time; but I ran out and bought a stomach-pump of my own, set in always ready, and—

"It was a silver-plated one, with a bone handle, you know," said Mr. Belisle, smiling blandly.

"And so I saved his life again. He got over it, and you never saw a man so crazy with rage. He accused me of being so mean as to want to save the funeral expenses, and he said he was determined to kill himself, and to leave a will which would compel me to bury him in a brass coffin and put up a magnificent monument over him."

"Don't you believe her, Judge," said Belisle. "I merely asked her whom she put me in the coffin to pin her second best breastpin on my shirt front, and to plant honeysuckle on my mound. I think she made some unkind remark about preferring to plant onions."

"When I came home from market that evening I found that he had taken a large dose of croton oil and was dying. I ran for the stomach-pump. He heard me, and raising his head feebly, he said, with a fiendish chuckle: 'You red-headed trump, I've been you this thirty years. I punched a hole in the stocker!'"

"'Sainted angel' was the phrase I used, Judge."

"And it was so," continued Mrs. Belisle; "he had punched a hole in the pump with a pin and—"

"The silver-plated one with the bone handle, she means, Your Honor," said Belisle.

"And I had to send out for the doctor again. We nailed him out, after an hour's hard work, and then he sat up and cursed and swore at us in the most violent and indecent manner, so that—"

"I merely remarked, Your Honor, in tones of the gentlest remonstrance, that it was ungentlemanly for a medical practitioner to pump a person's interests with such energy as to cause his toes to be drawn inward and his esophagus to push up under his chin."

"And he dashed at the doctor and tried to strike him."

"I only wanted to give him the Knights of Pythias grip, Your Honor," said Belisle.

"So the doctor left, and two hours afterward Thomas locked himself in the garret and ate a large box of arsenic. The doctor had to climb up the lightning rod and crawl in through the window, open the door from the door and let me in, and when we put the pump in Thomas' mouth he bit the tube in two, and the doctor had to give him ipecac, and hold him by the legs while he shook him out of the garret window. I am nearly dead with worry. It costs me twenty dollars a week for doctor's attendance, and it requires to perforated suckers, and I want the plow of the law!"

"And I invoke the strong arm of the law for the suppression of violence in the operation of one stomach-pump," said Belisle.

"I hold you in five hundred dollars bail to keep the peace," said Justice Fairlie.

"Ain't give it," said Belisle.

"Then a month in prison," said the magistrate.

"I'll go," said Belisle, grandly. "But, Ellen, dear one! I shall swallow my pocketknife and my bunch of keys, and on Tuesday next my apparition will haunt you, and make each particular red hair to stand on end the very minute it gets dark."

They left him weary, and Mrs. Belisle went sadly home.

Vital Question.

"Let me have your daughter, sir," pleaded the ardent suitor. "Why, I can buy her an automobile."

"Not a bit of it," thundered the stern parent; "you'd buy her an automobile and have me mortgaging my mansion to keep it in repair."

A MAN OF MYSTERY;

...OR...

WHO WAS BETRAYED.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

A WARNING THAT WAS NOT NEEDED.

Aileen Molyneux in leaving the apartments and the empfoy of Vladimir Vladislaus left behind her her assumed character forever.

She had no plans for the future; no idea what it might have in store for her. One or two things more she had to do, and then her task, as far as Lavin Lawless was concerned, would be accomplished.

After that might come the deluge!

When Lark first began calling upon Vladikoff, and before their consultations had ended in the battle of "fame, strategems, and spoils," Aileen had caught the name, in one of Cora's conversations, of Cora St. Orme. The little that she heard convinced her that Lark was interested in that young lady, the captain at least of wishing to become possessed of her fortune; and that, knowing Lark's reputation as a boasting of a conceited liar and scoundrel, Miss St. Orme was much taken with appearances.

The thought had troubled Aileen but little at the time.

What were the hopes or amusements of Larkin Lawless in that line any longer to her?

If an unsuspecting girl was to be victimized, it was not her affair, and befallen herself.

She would not pause to thwart him in that.

Her aim was to strike deeper.

But when the time came, as soon it did, when Aileen Molyneux had her revenge so clearly in her own hands, the memory of Cora St. Orme returned to her.

The wretch was now planning to leave the country, and the young orphan girl that Miss St. Orme was to be the companion of his flight!

When were the girl not worth saving, Aileen felt that there would be an additional pleasure in thwarting the villain ere it had gone that far. So decidedly had one idea impressed her mind, that, on her departure, that the duty she owed to one of her sex who might possibly be thus making shipwreck of her future was the place in her heart.

It sooner, however, had she left the Brunswick than she secured other lodgings, changed her appearance, as the old Jew lady, and, having discovered the city address of Cora St. Orme, set out to call upon her.

Calling a cab, she was driven rapidly to the fashionable residence of Major Gardner, as was soon admitted.

Haiglo Rohan was at that moment, in the midst of a morning call, and the surprise of both himself and Cora was great when a card, with the name of the pretended Jew, ten upon it in pencil, was brought up.

"You remember Haiglo," said Cora.

"I never saw her, you know, but of course I have heard you speak of her—the mysterious lady of Lawless' life."

"Yes; why has she called, do you imagine?"

"Can't say, my dear. But we can soon find out. Show the person down, I fancy."

"To be sure I am"—they were seated in Miss St. Orme's boudoir—"don't you want to come with me, Haiglo?"

"The worst in the world, you may be sure. I abominate the whole race, and can see the lady has not asked for me. I must remain here and have fun. Can I smoke a cheroot in the meantime?"

And he began to prepare one.

"Of course you may, my dear! Now do try and behave yourself!"

And Cora advanced to the parlor.

The heavy curtains had not been drawn, and the light fell full upon the opening figure.

"Miss Molyneux!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "I am so glad to see you again!"

Her visitor came nearer.

"Is this all?" Cora she inquired. "I am Aileen Molyneux, but I do not understand—"

Her face was now visible, and Cora saw that she had been mistaken.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "It was Miss Anne Molyneux whom I knew."

"I do not understand," repeated the young lady, and Cora could see that she was trembling.

"Will you not be seated, Miss Molyneux?" she said, pleasantly; and she motioned, as she spoke, toward an arm chair.

Aileen sank into it.

Now that she was here, and her reception so different from any that she had pictured, she knew not how to proceed with her errand. The name of her sister, so long unheard and unuttered by her, thus spoken by Miss St. Orme, had a singular effect upon her.

Cora, too, disappointed at not meeting the woman in whom she had been so much interested at Eastlake, was quite nonplussed.

She was the first, however, to open the interview.

"You wished to see me, Miss Molyneux?"

"I did—I do," was the reply. And then, all at once, came the abrupt question:

"You know Larkin Lawless, Miss St. Orme?"

"I do. What of it?"

Cora was startled, but remained outwardly calm.

"Only this. He is a villain."

"I am afraid I know that already."

Coralie St. Orme said this in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable.

Aileen was taken aback. This entire conversation was not at all what she had bargained for. She was likely to have her labor for her pains.

She arose to go.

"Do not leave," urged Miss St. Orme. "What is it that you came to tell me?"

"I have told it," she answered.

"But what is it that you know of Mr. Lawless?"

"That he is the vilest and basest of men. But that you seem to be aware of already."

"Yes, and it is what I always suspected. But you, Miss Molyneux, must know more of him, I cannot but think, than I do. Will you not again be seated, and tell me all that you at first intended?"

Both ladies sat down.

"You know, I presume," began Aileen, "that the individual of whom we are speaking has the effrontery to think he is—for Europe tomorrow?"

"I did not know it, but I am rather glad if such is the case."

"He will not, however—at least, not in the way he intends."

"His movements," said Cora, "have little interest for me. I confess to some curiosity in the case."

"Which I am here, it shall be gratified. May I ask, Miss St. Orme, when and where you made the acquaintance of Mr. Lawless?"

"At Eastlake, in the early part of the past summer."

"Ah, only then! Was there, at that time, staying in Eastlake, to your knowledge, a foreign lady named Vladislaus?"

"There was, indeed. He and Mr. Lawless appeared to be intimate friends."

"Did you hear it said that this Paul Pavlini was an agent of police?"

"Oh, yes! That was well known."

"Miss St. Orme, that old man is to leave tomorrow for Europe in disguise."

"Larkin Lawless has betrayed him!"

"Yes!"

"I tell you the truth. He has sold him for money."

"I cannot doubt it."

Then Aileen told Cora all that she knew of the plot which Lark Lawless determined should fall at its very inception; withholding, however, all reference to the mode through which it had come to his knowledge.

"It is certain to fail, then!" questioned Cora, in some concern.

"It will, unless this house to inform Polinski."

"And he will believe you?"

"I have evidence that must satisfy him."

"But why, Miss Molyneux, did you come to me? Surely it was not merely to tell me of this?"

"I had feared you might be in danger, and my hope was that I might be able to save you."

"That was kind, that was generous," said Cora, warmly. "But in what way did you imagine I was like to be injured?"

"Larkin Lawless had been heard to speak of you, and of your fortune, however—in such a way as to lead some to believe you might feel more than ordinary interest in him."

"Indeed!"

"I know now, Miss St. Orme, that this was a shameful slander, but at the time it was his cowardly boasting."

"There never was any such danger, I assure you."

"Still, I believe the wretch dared think of making you his wife."

"That I well knew," Cora admitted. "He knew that I was the heiress of—what he hoped, and later on plotted—but we will speak of that no more. I am grateful that I believe there is no crime that is not possible in Larkin Lawless."

"I am soon to be married, and to one to whom I was attached before I met Mr. Lawless. But this does not alter the case, there is no fear that I should ever have become the wife of such a scoundrel.

"I suspected his real character from the beginning of our acquaintance."

"You were fortunate," said Aileen, bitterly. "All who have known him were not equally discerning."

Poor Aileen! She had been a trusting, confiding girl, a mere child, in those days. Since then she had been, she scarce knew what, so transformed had her whole nature become by the sad experience that had been hers. What she was to be in the future would depend largely upon circumstances, but the thought of it—strange to say—troubled her not the least.

From the day on which she had parted with Lark Lawless in Queenstown, to the present, every feminine sentiment and sympathy had been so completely set aside that the dawning perception of them now, while she thus talked with Cora St. Orme, were strange and unfamiliar to her.

It was as though she had been for the past year an entirely different being, and was now seemingly on the point of undergoing another strange evolution; coming back, though that was hardly possible, to what she had originally been.

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Cora St. Orme felt like questioning her strange visitor in regard to herself.

"Your home is in New York, I presume?" she ventured.

"I have been staying here for some time," was the reply; "but my home—that is another thing."

There was not even a tinge of sadness in her voice as she said it.

Surely it is not possible that you are without one?"

"The world is wide," she answered.

"Yes, and cold and dark as well," said Cora. "Miss Molyneux, you may have imagined me a great service had it been necessary. Tell me, is there nothing I can do for you in return?"

"I should have sought no reward in any case."

"I am sure of that. But I feel an interest in you, stronger than you can imagine. When I came in I expected to meet another lady. You saw that."

Again the frightened look come upon Aileen's face.

"Miss Molyneux, I told you that I had seen Mr. Lawless at Eastlake. I saw another there, whom I feel you must know."

"I only while there, her whom I expected to see this morning instead of yourself.

"You saw and conversed with Anne Molyneux?"

Miss St. Orme sprang forward as she saw the young lady attempt to rise, and then fell back.

She had fainted!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOUBTS CONFIRMED.

"Mr. Philip Fitzgerald: Before you pay over any of the property possessed by Mr. Larkin Lawless it might not be amiss if you study well the enclosed bill with which the gentleman proposed to brace up his memory. It lacks his signature, it is true, but his handwriting must be, by this time, well known to you; and, besides, he will hardly attempt to disown it. I take it you are the 'Pitz' whom he expected to make use of; so it concerns you personally. But there may be many more interested than you it, and it might be well to pass the paper around.

"By the way, has he ever volunteered any explanation of the mysterious exposition that Wear Forest affair? You might ask him what became of the key he had to that ill-fated window.

"As his memory would seem to require assistance in everything, you are at liberty to tell him that the document in which he thus gives himself away was written in the apartment of one of the 'Four Hundred,' Paul Polinski, and that it was sent you by

"ANNE MOLYNEUX."

"Worse and more of it! I had me doubts from the start!"

The letter was from a lady, sure enough, [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MARCHING THROUGH DIXIE;

Or

Jem Burlson's Adventures in the Army.

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. By J. M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "HIS MOTHER'S LETTER," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER IV.
ON THE MOVE.

Jem was in the hands of his stepfather once more.

He wriggled and twisted in vain. The burly farmer shook the boy as if he had seen a huge bulldog shake a small cur.

Now you'll catch it again!" cried the enraged man. "You was ther' means of my goin' clean ter town this night, and I'm goin' ter give ye the biggest lickin' you ever got fur it, too!"

"Simon, do be calm," said a gentle voice, and Mrs. Burlson glided upon the scene. The farmer turned angrily upon his wife.

"Calm, Louise!" he growled furiously. "I see' madam, 'at you take sides with yer good-for-nothin' kid. Have a care, or I may raise my hand against you as well as 'yer boy."

Mrs. Burlson had distracted her husband's attention somewhat, and Jem was sharp enough to take advantage of it.

He pulled backward quickly and found himself free. He then sprang for the door, expecting to make good his escape. Burlson realized the lad's intention in time to leap before him.

Jem could not have stopped if he would. He sped forward like a shot from a catapult. When he saw the brawny form of Burlson in the way he could only bow his head and accept the consequences. Jem's head struck Farmer Burlson in the stomach, doubling him up like a jack-knife.

"Woof!" screamed Burlson, and the next instant he found himself sitting in a barrel of soft soap which had been made only the previous day by his frugal wife.

"Help! Help! Murder!" screamed Burlson, as he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into the clammy liquid. He was doubled in such a manner as to prevent his sliding himself in the boat. As he descended into the barrel his feet became elevated as high as his head.

The sight was a ludicrous one in the extreme.

Jem did not turn back to see what had occurred, but ran through the back yard like a deer, and soon gained the road, where he paused to take breath and his bearings at the same time.

"Well, I'm out of his clutches at last, thank goodness!" uttered the boy, grimly, humorously. "I wonder if Mr. Burlson was hurt much by his fall? I think I'll go back and see about it. He may need my help to get him out of the soap-barrel."

Quickly the boy glided back to the rear of the house. His ears were presently assisted with the moans and cries of the farmer, who had sunk to his arm-pits in the barrel, his body doubled together in such a manner as to preclude escape from out outside aid.

"Oh, Louise, Louise, I'm dyin' here! See' ther soap's eatin' the flesh to the bone! Help, quick, or I'm a dead man!"

Mrs. Burlson had brought out the lamp, and placed it on the window-stool. She was now endeavoring to pull her husband out of his uncomfortable bath.

The woman's efforts were vain. Jem, just a little way off, rolled on the grass convulsed with laughter. The sight was too ridiculous for anything.

Burlson's hat had fallen off; his gray hair stuck up like the quills of a porcupine. His big hands wabbled about helplessly, while the soles of his big cowhide boots stood up perpendicularly like great pine stubs on a barren hillside.

"Wal, woman, ain't ye goin' ter git me out?" growled the imprisoned man in anger and chagrin. "The skin'll be all eat ofen me inside of a minnit. Do, for consarne sake, do something. Confound that boy!"

Quite unnerved, Mrs. Burlson tugged, first at her husband's feet, then at his head without success. Jem saw it all and heard his mother say:

"What shall I do?"

The boy, who was to be a soldier, was not to be frightened at a small affair like this. He suddenly decided on a course of action, although he was human enough to feel gratified at the punishment the old tyrant was receiving.

Springing to his feet, Jem ran forward and laid hold of one edge of the barrel. Exerting his strength he tipped it over upon the ground. Burlson slipped out, but not until the top of his head and a good share of his whiskers were bathed in soap.

Sputtering and sneezing, the old farmer struggled to his feet.

"Let me somethin' to wipe off this stuff quick, Louise," he cried. "It's eatin' out my eyes. Ouch, ouch! Oh, murder, murder!"

Jem did not wait for anything further. He knew that his stepfather was more frightened than hurt, and that he would soon be ready for another "brush" with his son. Discretion was now the better part of valor, so the lad took his departure hastily.

Jem reached the regimental camp without adventure, and was taken in and kindly cared for by Captain Starbot, who resolved to attach the lad to his service. The mother's written consent was sufficient in all justice, the captain believed.

Early the next morning he laid his protege's case before the Colonel, and that gentleman was pleased to concide with the views of the Captain.

Jem was not surprised, however, when on the third day of the departure from home his stepfather put in an appearance at the camp and began to make a row. The officer with whom the farmer communicated knew nothing about the boy, and as Colonel Wentwood happened to be absent, Burlson was compelled to return home empty handed.

Jem remained in hiding when his stepfather rode through the camp for him on another occasion. The boys of Company A, to which Jem had attached himself, kept the lad out of sight, and stayed the angry old farmer unmercifully.

"I believe you are a passel of dum thieves!" declared Burlson when he was quitting camp after an unsuccessful search for "his boy."

Shouts of laughter greeted the old farmer's farewell shot.

"Don't you worry, Jem, me boy," said an old veteran of the company, who, while the lad belonged; "we won't let that scurvy old sugar kerry you back to his onion patch and his lickin's, not if we hiv to bounce him out, neck and heels, mind that now."

The night before the day of the departure of the regiment to the front, Jem received an unexpected visit.

Captain Starbot entered the room where the boy was polishing his shoes with a well-worn blacking brush, leading a little girl by the hand.

"What, Jem?" exclaimed Jem, dropping his brush and catching the girl in his arms. He kissed her, placed her down on the bed and glanced at the Captain for an explanation.

"I met her down-town," said he. "She knew me in a moment, and insisted on paying a brief visit to Jem's quarters. As we are to leave in the morning, I thought it no more than right to let her have her way. I'll return down-town in half an hour, so you two must talk fast."

Captain Starbot quitted the room.

"Well?" said Jem.

"Going on a soldier now, Jem," said Violet. "How strange!"

"It's better than living under him up at the farm," returned Jem.

"Perhaps so," said Violet. "I know he feels sorry for the way he used you. Maybe if you would go back home he would be good to you."

"Ah, but it's too late. I was mustered in last night. Now that I am a soldier of Uncle Sam, Violet; I'm not sorry, either cried Jem.

"Mamma cries a good deal."

"Because of me?"

"I don't know for sure. She don't say much, and papa is cross as a bear most all the time. I'm afraid he is much to you, Jem."

"I suppose so; but it couldn't be helped, Violet."

"What couldn't be helped, Jem?"

"My doing the way I did. I'll write often after we get down South, and you'll answer promptly, Violet."

"You know I will, of course."

Brother and sister conversed freely until the Captain appeared and said the time was up. Jem wrung his sister's hand and kissed her good-by.

Violet was crying softly when Captain Starbot led her from the room.

Jem was lonely enough after that, and his night's rest was broken by fanciful dreams. The morning dawned at length, and with it the bustle of preparation for departure.

"All aboard for the South!"

Jem was quartered with his Captain in one of the better cars, and he looked out on the bustling bluecoats as they ran here and there, crowding and shouting, and pushing into box cars, with a feeling of satisfaction that he was not alone and friendless amid the crowd.

The trip South was, to the boy, an enjoyable one. It was his first considerable ride on the cars, and everything was novel and interesting to our young soldier boy.

The trip was over the D. & M. Railway to Detroit. The train was detained here only a few hours, when it continued on to Toledo, thence south through some of Ohio's most thriving towns, to the bustling porkopolis of the West on the north bank of the Ohio.

The regiment was detained for several days at Cincinnati.

Jem could see the wooded shores of Kentucky from their camping ground and realized that he was very near the seat of the great conflict which was rending the nation from center to circumference.

He had not thought much about battle and danger. All the scenes through which he had passed were so new and interesting he had found no time to think of disagreeable things.

"We're within twenty miles of the Confederates," said Captain Starbot, "and I hope we shall not be kept here in inactivity very long. The boys are all spoiling for a brush with the Johnnies. How is it with you, Jem?"

"With me it's different," said Jem, touching his cap respectfully. "I haven't thought much about fighting."

"You'll have to think about it pretty soon, though."

"Yes, I suppose so, Cantain. I only hope I shan't want to run at the first fire."

"I'll risk that, my boy; there's too much of the father in you."

"You don't mean Simon Burlson——"

"I should say not," with a laugh. Before Jem could question him further the Captain passed on and our soldier boy was left to his own reflections.

CHAPTER V.
JEM'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

Several weeks have elapsed since we left our boy hero in Cincinnati. The Ohio was long since crossed and the regiment to which he belonged is bivouacked on Southern soil. Jem has been busily engaged most of the time, so that he has not become homesick. He thought many times of his mother and Violet, and wondered how they were getting along during his absence.

The regiment was a part of an independent command. Captain Starbot was permitted to attach Jem to himself, so that the boy found soldiering rather more pleasant than farm life under the tutelage of his surly stepfather.

Rumors of an approaching enemy were of daily occurrence, and Jem found himself wondering and somewhat anxious for his first baptism of fire. Sturdy as a young oak, with all the restless spirit of healthy

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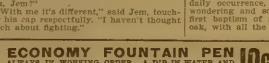

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Young America, the soldier boy was honestly craving a sight of the graycoats.

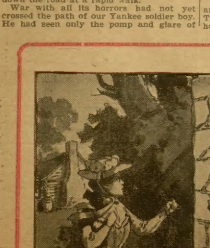
He accompanied a squad on a foraging expedition one fine spring morning, became separated from his companions, and, halting under a tree, dismounted to slake his thirst at a bubbling spring. Jem had read much of his country's history, and was anxious to explore the vicinity, to look upon the institution of slavery, which had caused the war, with his own eyes. He had never seen a negro till he reached Cincinnati. There he encountered several, but as they were free men, his interest was not deeply attracted.

After sliaking his thirst, Jem climbed upon a leaning tree and gazed with earnest eyes across the green stretch of rolling country. Not far away loomed a considerable mansion. A sudden longing to call upon the inmates of the house filled the heart of the soldier boy. What sort of people were these Southerners, anyhow, that he had enlisted to conquer?

Everything looked so peaceful Jem decided that it would be safe to call at the farmhouse and ask for a bite to eat. It must be almost noon, and the lad was really hungry. As for carrying away a load of provisions, he had thought little about it. It was this carelessness on his part that had led him to shoot out from the main squad for himself against the warning of the Lieutenant in command.

The farmhouse could not be over a hundred rods distant, Jem thought. He was, as he believed, near to the Union outposts, so that there was really no danger. He left his horse hitched to a sapling engaged in cropping the tender grass while he leaped to the ground, crossed the brook and swung down the road at a rapid walk.

War with all its horrors had not yet crossed the path of our Yankee soldier boy. He had seen only the pomp and glare of



"You Yankee Thief!"

glistening guns and brilliant dress-parade uniforms. Everything was a gala-day affair. The birds sang, the squirrels chattered in and out among the branches of the Southern oaks, and all nature was at its best. If war was like this it was not so bad as it had been pictured. Drawing a deep, inspiring breath of the perfumed air, Jem strode springily forward to his fate.

When the boy reached the front of the estate he saw a narrow lane leading up to the mansion, standing on a picturesque elevation. Here he halted and examined his pistol which he had thoughtfully taken from his holster and brought along for use in case of need. The weapon seemed in the best of condition. Returning it to his hip pocket he opened the gate and advanced boldly up the incline.

He had not advanced far, however, ere he discovered several horses hitched under some trees at the side of the mansion. Jem halted. There seemed great possibilities in the situation. Who owned the horses—Union or Confederate? This was rather a startling question. Here he was, clad in Union blue, marching boldly up to a Southern planter's house without knowledge of the state of affairs within. Should the horses prove to be owned by Confederate cavalrymen he was simply walking into a trap.

It was not his intention to beard the enemy in his den thus boldly, so our soldier boy retreated into the shelter of a clump of lilacs and gave a little time to meditation and self consultation. Before he had fully decided upon his future course of action a man came from the house and walked down the lane directly toward him. The man was well dressed, was tall and distinguished looking, and was undoubtedly the owner of the plantation.

Jem sank to a crouching posture and waited. The foliage was barely dense enough to screen him from sight. It is useless to disguise the fact that the boy's heart increased its beating when the planter halted within ten feet of his position and scanned the vicinity closely.

"I suppose it is as Captain Buckston says," uttered the man aloud, "but I hate to leave my family to the mercy of those Yankee vandals. If the enemy finds the house deserted I'll sure to go up in smoke. This war is proving harsh and cruel to those who love the South. If it wasn't for Jet and mother I should drop everything and enter the army."

Climbing upon a box that stood by the fence, the man scanned the northern horizon curiously and keenly. After a minute of satisfying scrutiny, he sprang down, and turning about, retraced his steps.

The crouching boy had heard enough to convince him that the planter was in full sympathy with the Southern cause. Moreover, the horsee he had noticed at the side of the mansion were the property of Confederate soldiers who were even now quartered within the house.

The situation was not the most pleasant. Jem was on the point of withdrawing from his dangerous position, when the sound of voices attracted his attention and held him in confinement. He peered cautiously forth to see two men in gray approaching from the direction of the house. Now indeed was he in for trouble. Drawing his navy revolver the boy prepared to give the enemy a warm reception in case of need.

The two Confederates halted almost in the tracks of the planter.

"General Thomas has scouting parties out everywhere. I did not overstate the danger of the situation to Mr. Masterson. He should remove his family to a safer place at once."

It was the elder of the two who spoke, and Jem could see that he was an officer. The other, who was regarding the northern horizon, turned toward his superior, saying:

"Thank the stars they're going at last!" exclaimed Jem, when he saw the men in gray approach their horses and prepare to mount. Soon they rode down the lane past our soldier boy's place of concealment, and with them, on one of his own animals, rode the master of the plantation, Mr. Villastone. Jem remained in concealment until the sound of clattering hoofs died away in the dim distance.

"It doesn't seem possible that the Federals would harm noncombatants," he heard the planter say. "They know that I'm in sympathies with us; that would be sufficient for their purpose. If Villastone is wise he'll pull up stakes and leave."

The second man seemed to be convinced, since he made no reply to the remarks of his superior. They walked on to the road, where they stood in conversation for some time, much to the annoyance of the boy in hiding. At length they walked slowly back toward the mansion, passing within a few feet of Jem, who was now in a state of mind bordering on desperation.

It was now long past the dinner hour. Jem was hungry and worried. He feared something might happen to his horse left so near to himself. The animal was a valuable one, and would be quickly appreciated and appropriated did one of the enemy catch sight of him.

Since he had approached near the house without being discovered he was not retreating in the way that he had come, the reader may ask. Jem thought of this, and had been startled by the sudden appearance of, chancing to glance toward the mansion, he saw that the planter and several Confederates were on the front veranda smoking, and in full view of the lane down which he must make his way. There was no help for it; Jem must remain where he was till night unless the enemy departed.

The boy wondered if he would be missed by his friends. Captain Starbot was very kind in his treatment of his boy aid, and would doubtless be the first one to inquire after him when his absence became known.

The hours seemed long to the hiding Union soldier. This was an altogether different phase of war than any Jem had conceived, and he confessed to himself that he would be more careful in the future. Not until the shadows of night began to fall did the Confederates make any move toward departure.

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SONGS MEDICAL Words, Laughing Water, His Mother's Smile, Jessie, Dolly Gray, Bird that Whistled, Only a Pansy, Mother's Prayer, Only a Baby Boy, Dear Old Pal of Mine, Sweet Rosie O'Grady, Under the Anheuser Bush, Tis Winter Now, Sweet Marie, Mother Machree, Sweet Adeline, Only a Dream, Etc. LATEST SONGS & MUSIC—Any 10 Songs 15c. Any 20 Songs 25c. Any 30 Songs 35c. Any 40 Songs 45c. Any 50 Songs 50c. Any 60 Songs 60c. Any 70 Songs 70c. Any 80 Songs 80c. Any 90 Songs 90c. Any 100 Songs $1.00. Any 200 Songs $2.00. Any 300 Songs $3.00. Any 400 Songs $4.00. Any 500 Songs $5.00. Any 600 Songs $6.00. Any 700 Songs $7.00. Any 800 Songs $8.00. Any 900 Songs $9.00. Any 1000 Songs $10.00. Any 1100 Songs $11.00. Any 1200 Songs $12.00. Any 1300 Songs $13.00. Any 1400 Songs $14.00. Any 1500 Songs $15.00. Any 1600 Songs $16.00. Any 1700 Songs $17.00. Any 1800 Songs $18.00. Any 1900 Songs $19.00. Any 2000 Songs $20.00. Any 2100 Songs $21.00. Any 2200 Songs $22.00. Any 2300 Songs $23.00. 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Binks—Queer that Charley Mohter could acquire such an automobile face. He never drives his machine over eight miles an hour.

Jinks—I know, but he got it when his first month's bill for repairs came in.

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4810 ETON WAIST WITH VEST 32-40 BUST

4817 FANCY BLOUSE 32 40 BUST

4809 MISSES NORFOLK COAT 12-16 YRS.

4815 MISSES WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE 12-16 YRS

4790 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4811 ROUND YOKE WAIST WITH COLLAR 32-40 BUST

4804 ETON AND SKIRT 12-16 YRS.

4788 MISSES BOX COAT 12-16 YRS.

4803 SHIRRED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST

4796 NEGLIGEE WITH ROUND YOKE 32-40 BUST

4816 SIX GORED TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4806 FANCY TUCKED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST

4814 SEVEN GORED PLEATED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

4789 PLAIN AND FANCY COAT SLEEVES SMALL MEDIUM-LARGE

He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to be driven out. But the liver is over-burdened, deadened—stops work. There you are, with a dead liver, and right now is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the winter's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle, persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with CASCARETS, the great system cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a 50c box to-day—a whole month's treatment—and see how quickly you will be brought back to new life. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. 88

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Low rates to Opportunityville via the

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One fare plus $2 for the round trip from Chicago to all points in North and South Dakota on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, September 6 and 20, October 4 and 18, November 1 and 15, December 6 and 20. Better make a note of these low rate excursions and arrange to secure a homestead early.

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GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. Yours truly,

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The modern bullet will pierce the carcass of three horses in succession at 50 yards; of four at half the distance, and kill a man after passing through the trunk of a thick tree.

The publisher of this paper is thoroughly informed as to the responsibility and reliability of The Cash Buyers Union, now 20 years old and knows its Co-operative plan is an established success. Our readers should write for their interesting book.—Editor.

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We don't want money, we want Shareholders—Co-operative Shareholders—men, women, even children, all over this great country; one, at least, in every town or hamlet, who will, impelled by their sense of interested ownership and personal profit, make it their business to become walking, talking advertisements for their great establishment; who, no matter if they hold but one ten-dollar share, will feel proud ownership in their institution and do as owners do, Talk the Business—Push the Business—Boom the Business.

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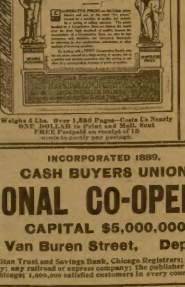

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